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AGUIRRE-SACASA
MEDINA
HANNA

The Sensational SPIDER-MAN®

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"I'M TELLING YOU... I'M *THROUGH* WITH THAT STUFF."

"YES, YES, MR. RAXTON, IT'S A STORY I KNOW *WELL*."

YOU'RE IN *SEMI-RETIREMENT* NOW, AND WHEN YOU *AREN'T*, YOU FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS...

...THOUGH THAT DOESN'T REALLY *SUIT YOU*, DOES IT?

ACTUALLY, CHAMELEON, IT SUITS ME JUST *FINE*...

AWESOME

THE AWESOME ANDROIDS

FIDO -EE- SCENT

"...NOW, IF YOU DON'T *MIND*, I'M WATCHING A *GAME* HERE."

HOME: ANDROIDS 5 1

VISITORS: BLACK BOLTS 2 1

YES, YES. AMERICAN BASEBALL, YOUR COUNTRY'S *GREAT* PASTIME...

SIMPLETONS.

YOU KNOW WHAT, CHAMELEON? YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO *BURN.* *ME. UP.*

...

YOUR CONTROL OVER YOUR BODY'S ABILITIES IS REMARKABLE. ESPECIALLY SINCE THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU USED TO *SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUST,* REMEMBER?

BUT THESE GESTURES AREN'T NECESSARY; ALL WE'RE DOING IS *TALKING.*

BUT THAT'S JUST IT, CHAMELEON, WE'RE *NOT.* WE'RE DONE *TALKING!*

SIT DOWN AND *SHUT UP,* RAXTON. YOU'RE *EMBARRASSING* YOURSELF AND MAKING *ME* VERY ANGRY.

...

I MEAN IT. SIT DOWN BEFORE AN ERRANT BOLT OF *LIGHTNING* STRIKES THAT LITTLE BOY YOU MENTOR.

HUH?

"NUMBER 11...ISN'T *HE* THE ONE YOU TAKE CARE OF ON WEEKENDS? PROVIDING MUCH-NEEDED *PATERNAL* GUIDANCE?"

"WHAT...

"WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT *LIGHTNING* FOR, CHAMELEON? TELL ME OR I'LL *SNAP* YOUR NECK, SO HELP ME."

YES, AND IF YOU LAY *ONE* FINGER ON ME, YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

LOOK ACROSS THE WAY, UNDER THAT TREE THERE.

"MY ASSOCIATE, MR. DILLON, *ELECTROCUTES* THE YOUNG PLAYERS ON THE FIELD, ONE BY ONE...

...STARTING WITH NUMBER 11.

...

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, CHAMELEON? WE'VE GONE AFTER SPIDER-MAN BEFORE. IT ALWAYS ENDS THE SAME WAY.

23

YES, IN DEFEAT, I KNOW. BUT WE'RE NOT GOING AFTER SPIDER-MAN THIS TIME, WE'RE GOING AFTER ***PETER PARKER.***

YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S WAVING AT YOU, BY THE WAY...

...I'D ***WAVE BACK*** IF I WERE YOU.

YOU'RE SICK, YOU KNOW THAT? THREATENING KIDS TO GET ME TO AGREE TO JOIN YOUR... YOUR...

TEAM OF ***EXTERMINATORS.*** AND SICK OR NOT, I HAVEN'T GIVEN YOU MUCH CHOICE, HAVE I?

JUST--

--JUST ***TELL ME*** WHEN YOU WANT TO GET STARTED, CHAMELEON.

GET STARTED? MY DEAR MR. RAXTON...

"...THE *EXTERMINATION* OF PETER PARKER HAS ALREADY *BEGUN.*"

So this is me falling to my death, courtesy of the Scarecrow.

(Yeah, I have a Scarecrow, too. Who knew, right?)

So there's a long version of this story and a short one.

I'll give you the short version.

The Deadly Foes of PETER PARKER Part One of Three

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA
WRITER

ANGEL MEDINA
PENCILS AND COVER

SCOTT HANNA
INKS

AVALON'S DAN KEMP
COLORS

VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERS

WARREN SIMONS
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

After the New Warriors accidentally blew up Stamford, our government decided to implement a Super Hero Registration Act.

(Wow, we're falling really ***FAST***, aren't we?)

Which demands that every super hero in this country, well... ***REGISTER.*** And reveal his or her secret identity to S.H.I.E.L.D. (If they even have one.)

SNAP

Of course, us guys and gals in tights are pretty ***SPLIT*** about the whole thing. On one side, there's Cap and his crew. On the other, Tony Stark and the Act's supporters.

(***OUCH.*** Who knew flagpoles could be so painful?)

(Shoot webbing, shoot webbing, shoot webbing.)

For reasons I'm still figuring out, Tony convinced me to "come out" and publicly reveal my secret identity.

(Twist around, twist around, twist around.)

Which I ***DID***, in the middle of a super hero Civil War.

KA-RAK-OW

(Great. I can't ***WAIT*** for Peter Parker to get ***BILLED*** for that window.)

Most everyone's involved in the *WAR*, but that hasn't stopped a few conscientious objectors like *GRUESOME* here--

--FROM COMING AFTER ME.

I'D THINK TWICE BEFORE GETTING BACK UP, SCARECROW.

"SCARECROW..." OH, PETER, PETER, PETER...

...ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE--

--THE GREEN GOBLIN!!

OH, GOD--!

My new costume's telling me that my heart's racing, that my adrenal glands just shifted into high gear, that I'm starting to panic--

--but then I *REMEMBER*. (I *FORCE* myself to remember.)

NICE TRY, EBENEZER, BUT THE GREEN GOBLIN'S...

...HE'S...

I'M WHAT, PETER? WHAT AM I?

YOU'RE...

HE'S...

This is what Ebenezer Laughton's body *DOES*, remember. Releases some *PHEROMONE* that makes you see things that aren't there. Experience things that aren't...

...wait, did something just click? In my suit?

THE GREEN GOBLIN'S *WHAT*, PETER, PETER, *PUMPKIN-EATER?*

TOTALLY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, NITWIT!!!

YOUR... YOUR *FEAR*...

YOU SHOULD BE...

TREMBLING LIKE A NINNY? OH, YEAH, SORRY, YOU MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN THE MEMO. THIS NEW, *SOUPED-UP* COSTUME? AMONG OTHER THINGS, IT'S ALSO A *PURIFIER*.

WHICH--AS SOON AS IT IDENTIFIED THEM--STARTED *NEUTRALIZING* YOUR TOXINS.

At least, that's what I'm *ASSUMING* happened.

SO UNLESS YOU'VE GOT ANY OTHER *BRIGHT IDEAS*, SCARECROW, I'D COME CLEAN AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

YOU WANT BRIGHT? I CAN DO BRIGHT...

...I CAN DO *LOTS* OF THINGS, IN FACT.

UHMM...

AND YOU ARE...?

...

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME, *PETER?*

Ugh. I'm so not used to hearing my name like that.

...I'M SORRY, BUT HAVE WE *MET?*

OF COURSE we have. This is just me *MESSING* with his mind.

UH, I'M WILL-O'-THE-WISP? WE'VE...*FOUGHT* A FEW TIMES?

OH, YEAH... AND...

...REMIND ME WHAT YOUR POWERS ARE AGAIN?

ARE WE *SERIOUSLY* HAVING THIS CONVERSATION?

YOU *SERIOUSLY* DON'T REMEMBER ME, *PETER?*

And there it is again. Like *BONES* on a chalkboard.

I MEAN--YOU KNOW--YOU FIGHT ENOUGH SUPER-VILLAINS OVER THE YEARS, THEY KIND OF, SORT OF, START TO *BLUR.*

WAIT. Behind me.

My spider-sense is telling me--

--MOVE!!!

Away from the Scarecrow and towards--

--oh, wait. I just remembered.

Powers include: disorientation and mesmerism.

And intangibility.

D'OH!

This is me, in *FREE FALL* again.

Eyesight's whacked--

--everything's *COLORED SPOTS*, like after staring into the sun.

Forget it--close my eyes--

--open my arms--

--and let my *FALL'S* momentum do the heavy lifting--

--and carry me back up, up, *UP!*

OKAY, FELLAS, TIME TO--

HMM. Gone.

LIKE THEY WERE ONLY THE *FIRST* LINE OF ATTACK, ONLY *TESTING* THE WATERS...

What did Tony say to me when I expressed some misgivings about being *OUT AND PROUD?*

CERTAIN THINGS WILL CHANGE, PETER. BUT IT'S NOT LIKE EVERY *DEVIANT* PERSONALITY YOU'VE EVER CROSSED *SWORDS* WITH IN THE PAST IS GOING TO START COMING AFTER YOU NOW.

When--in point of fact--me coming clean with the world has probably sent all of my rogues into a...a *FRENZY.* Like dropping a piece of raw *STEAK* into a piranha tank.

(I'm beginning to fear.)

"HELLO?

"OH, HI, TIGER, HOW'S YOUR DAY BEEN?"

ACTUALLY, MJ, I'VE HAD ***BETTER.*** THE SCARECROW AND THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP AMBUSHED ME IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, COMPLETELY UNPROVOKED. I WAS GETTING AUNT MAY ***MILK***, FOR PETE'S SAKES!

WAIT, YOU HAVE A SCARECROW VILLAIN, TOO? AND WHAT'S A WILL-O'-THE-WHATEVER?

NEVER-MIND, JUST--

--WHERE ARE YOU, MJ?

PARDON?

AT THE MOMENT? IN MY DRESSING ROOM, DEALING WITH AN ***EXTREMELY*** ANNOYING BEE.

YEAH, OKAY--LISTEN: I WANT YOU TO GO HOME RIGHT NOW.

LOOK, MAYBE THIS ATTACK WAS AN ISOLATED THING, BUT... IT DIDN'T ***FEEL*** THAT WAY. SO UNTIL WE KNOW MORE, I WANT YOU SAFE WITH MAY.

*YOU MEAN UNDER **HOUSE ARREST?** PETER, ARE YOU SERIOUS?*

SLAPP!

WE JUST GOT TO YOUR SCENE, MJ!

I'M COMING, MARTIN, THANKS.

...

LOOK, PETER, I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, BUT THERE ARE *BODY-GUARDS* STATIONED OUTSIDE THE THEATRE AND I *CAN'T* GO INTO HIDING EVERY TIME YOU FEEL LIKE SOMETHING BAD *MIGHT* HAPPEN TO ME.

BUT MJ--

HEY, SAM? YOU GOT THAT NUMBER THEY GAVE US TO CALL AFTER *STAMFORD?*

NO *BUTS*, PETER. I'M ALWAYS THERE FOR YOU, RIGHT? SUPPORTING YOU? STANDING BY YOU? WELL...THIS IS WHEN YOU SUPPORT *ME.* BEING MARRIED IS AN *EQUAL* PARTNERSHIP LAST TIME I CHECKED, AND I'M NOT LETTING YOUR CAREER DERAIL MINE, OKAY? LADY MACBETH IS A *GREAT* PART AND EVERY-BODY'S WAITING, AND I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, OKAY?

BYE!!!

BUT--

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE *REGISTERED*, SPIDER-MAN, 'CAUSE *SOMEONE'S* GOTTA PAY FOR THIS DAMAGE, AND IF IT AIN'T YOU, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE UNCLE SAM.

BLIPP!!!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, EVERYONE, BUT MY HUSBAND WAS BEING...

...WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING, MARY JANE, NOTHING, EXCEPT...

...YOU WEREN'T FIGHTING WITH PETER JUST NOW, WERE YOU?

WELL, *DISAGREEING*, BUT...YES.

WHY, WHAT'S...?

SO REALLY YOU WERE FIGHTING WITH...SPIDER-MAN.

I...I *GUESS* SO, YEAH.

BUT HE'S *SPIDER-MAN*, MARY JANE...

"...SHOULDN'T YOU BE MORE *UNDER-STANDING?*"

ZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZ

"MY NAME IS PETER PARKER AND I'VE BEEN SPIDER-MAN SINCE I WAS FIFTEEN YEARS--"

ENOUGH!!!

KER-RASHAH!!!

CAT? WHAT THE *HELL* DID YOU DO?

I AM SO *SICK* OF THEM PLAYING THAT OVER AND OVER AGAIN, EVERY *DAMN* TIME I TURN ON THE TELEVISION.

WHAT?

DAMN, THAT WAS A *PLASMA* SCREEN...

PETER UNMASKING; WHAT DO YOU *THINK*, FIREHEART?

IT'S ON *CONSTANT* LOOP; THEY KEEP *THROWING IT* IN MY FACE!

IN "*YOUR*" FACE...?!

I MEANT *ALL* OUR FACES, THOMAS, ALL RIGHT?

...

AND IS *THIS* WHY YOU'VE BEEN IN SUCH A FOUL MOOD LATELY?

NO.

I DON'T KNOW.

MAYBE.

TAKING IT A BIT TO *HEART*, AREN'T YOU? OH, IT'S A BIG DEAL, CERTAINLY, BUT WHY DO *YOU* CARE SO MUCH?

BECAUSE, THOMAS, BEFORE THERE WAS ONLY A *HANDFUL* OF US WHO KNEW, AND IT WAS... *SPECIAL*, ALL RIGHT?

INTIMATE.

SEXY.

HANG ON. HANGONHANG ONHANGON.

CONSIDERING THE "LUNCH" WE JUST HAD, I'M *TRYING* TO NOT TAKE THIS PERSONALLY, BUT I HAVE TO SAY, CAT...

...IT SEEMS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE STILL A LITTLE BIT IN *LOVE* WITH THE SPIDER.

"I DON'T KNOW WHO TO TURN TO ANYMORE..."

...I DON'T KNOW WHO TO *TRUST*.

THAT'S WHY I CAME BACK TO SEE *YOU*, MADAME WEBB.

OH? *OUI?*

BECAUSE EVERYONE'S PICKING SIDES, EVERYONE'S BEING RECRUITED, BUT...

...THAT'S NOT YOUR STYLE, I KNOW. YOU'RE YOUR OWN WOMAN.

C'EST VRAI. I HAVE MANAGED TO REMAIN...

COMMENT DIT-ON?

..."UNDER THE RADAR" DURING THESE DIFFICULT TIMES.

EXACTLY. SO I KNOW I CAN COUNT ON YOU TO...I DON'T KNOW, *ADVISE* ME. LIKE, *IMPARTIALLY.*

YES, SPIDER-MAN, ALWAYS. NORMALLY. BUT...THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO FOR YOU UNDER CURRENT CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M AFRAID.

WHAT? BUT YOU'RE, LIKE, MY RESIDENT PSYCHIC. I NEED YOU TO TELL ME IF SCARECROW AND WILL-O'-THE-WISP ARE WORKING INDEPENDENTLY OR IF THEY'RE PART OF SOMETHING *BIGGER.*

I'M CLAIRVOYANT AND *CLAIRAUDIENT.* I SEE THINGS AND I HEAR THEM, SPIDER-MAN. BUT *LATELY*, ALL I SEE AND HEAR...THE *VISIONS* CROWDING MY THOUGHTS...

"OH, GOD. WHAT VISIONS, MADAME WEBB?"

NO GOD, SPIDER-MAN. STORMS OF FIRE AND HELL... RIVERS OF HATE AND DAMNATION...BUT NO GOD ANYWHERE.

LORD, IT FELT LIKE SOMEONE JUST DROPPED A BLOCK OF *ICE* INTO MY STOMACH...

AND IS THIS SOMETHING THAT *MAY* HAPPEN OR IS DEFINITELY *GOING* TO HAPPEN?

UNCLEAR, SPIDER-MAN, BUT I AM FULL OF DREAD...

WELL. THIS *NEVER* GETS EASIER, DOES IT?

AND IS THIS CONNECTED TO THE *CURRENT* WAR, CAN YOU TELL?

UNCLEAR, BUT...WAR BEGETS WAR, SPIDER-MAN... BLOOD DEMANDS *MORE* BLOOD...FROM DESTRUCTION COMES *GREATER* DESTRUCTION...

MEANWHILE.

THE HOME OF LIZ ALLAN IN RIVERDALE, NEW YORK.

HER KITCHEN.

SPIDER-MAN REVEALED

HER BEDROOM.

HER MEMORIES.

HER YOUTH.

OH, PETER.

ALL THE *DEATH* YOU BROUGHT INTO OUR LIVES...

SHE SMELLS HIM BEFORE SHE SEES HIM.

IT'S LIKE SULFUR.

SNEAKING UP ON HER, COMING FROM THE HALLWAY.

PROBABLY HE BURNED HIS WAY THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

MARK?

ELIZABETH...

...FORGIVE ME.

CONTINUED!!